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TRIUMPHANT**

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REC
ANS ENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"OLD BROADBRIM"

THUD! A SANDBAG FELL ON OLD
BROADBRIM'S HEAD AS HE BENT
OVER THE RIFLED SAFE.

BOOKS 2140

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YOUNG BROADBRIM TRIUMPHANT;

OR The Girl Cracksmen.

By the author of "OLD BROADBRIM."

CHAPTER I.

A RUN ON THE BANK.

It was an unusually dark night and the watchman at the Concord National Bank, in Long Island City, had just noted the fact and decided to light his pipe when something peculiar happened to him.

It was the watchman's duty to prowl about the outside of the National Bank building at night and see that no suspicious persons were in the vicinity.

The bank was a rather small one and situated on a very lonely street corner.

The police of the greater New York do not pay very much attention to the outlying portions of Long Island City. Consequently the directors thought that a watchman was necessary.

On this night he had just made the rounds of the

building and remarked to himself that it was an uncommonly dark night.

Then he started to get his pipe out of his pocket.

There was a hole in the bottom of his pocket and the stem of his pipe had become entangled in the lining.

As he was trying to get it out he heard a light footstep on the pavement behind him.

He would have turned around at once only he was having trouble with his pipe and was determined to get it out and lighted before he did anything else.

He intended to turn around and see who it was behind him as soon as he got the pipe out of his pocket.

But he never got the chance to turn around.

A second after he heard the footstep something hit him in the face.

It was something soft and voluminous, like a blanket.

It was damp, soaked with some liquid with a heavy, sickening smell.

It went over the watchman's head before he could get his hands from his pocket.

Jerk! The watchman's head was pulled back and he tumbled over on the ground all in a heap and half unconscious already.

Five minutes later the watchman was bound hand and foot and deposited carefully in the doorway of the bank.

He was still unconscious, but for all that a gag was forced into his mouth and securely bound there.

Then the man who had accomplished all this single-handed stepped over close to the window of the bank.

There was no watchman inside, but the gas had been left burning so that the man outside could look through the interior.

He stood there a moment, the faint light from the lowered gas inside shining on his head and shoulders.

His face was a keen and resolute one, with firm set jaws and a cool, steady look in the eyes.

The man wore no mask on his face, although the soft felt hat that he wore was pulled well down in front so as to shield his eyes somewhat.

He was a broad-shouldered, athletic-looking man, a little above the medium height and as nimble and quick on his feet as a cat.

He pulled a watch from his pocket and glanced at it. "No time to lose," he muttered.

He ran back to the corner of the bank and picked up a black leather handbag which had been left on the ground and returned with it to the window, which was only a little above the level of the street.

He opened the bag in a moment and after fumbling among a collection of steel tools inside drew forth an instrument that would be a puzzle to most mechanics.

A burglar, however, could have told at a glance that it was a "drag," an instrument used in breaking into a window which is protected by iron bars.

The window of the bank was protected in this man-

ner by bars that ran up and down and were fastened in the solid masonry above and below.

These bars looked strong enough to keep an army out, but they did not stand much in the way of the burglar who was now attacking them and who was evidently an adept in the use of the drag.

The drag is a tool which fits in between two of the bars and clamps on to them.

When it is placed in position it is operated by means of a screw, a ratchet wheel and a long lever.

When this lever is pushed up and down the screw is turned and the clamps are forced outward on either side, pushing the steel bars farther and farther apart until finally there is room enough for the burglar to squeeze through between them.

The drag now in use was well oiled and noiseless and the lever was pushed up and down by pair of sinewy arms as strong as iron.

In ten minutes the clamps of the drag were unhooked and the drag withdrawn and folded up and placed back in the black bag.

The two middle bars of the window grating looked as if they had been heated in a fire and then twisted apart.

The drag had done its work well and the burglar reached through with a long jimmy and applied it to the sash of the window within.

A moment later the window was open and the burglar was squeezing his broad shoulders through the opening between the two bars he had forced apart.

He evidently wore rubber-soled shoes, for he made no sound whatever when he pulled himself through the window and landed on the floor inside.

He had brought his black handbag with him, and a moment later had opened it and drawn forth another tool and set to work on the big safe behind the cashier's desk.

His new tool was an instrument known as a "horse-shoe" from its form, and is one of the most expensive tools a burglar can get.

It is used to extract the knob in the middle of a combination lock of a safe.

It steps over this knob and is slid up until the knob is held fast in the small end of the horseshoe.

Then three screws set into the horseshoe are manipulated by the burglar.

They push against the door of the safe, lifting the knob farther and farther away from it.

Presently the knob is pulled right out of the door as the "horseshoe," if well made, is a very strong instrument, and, in the hands of a skillful burglar, capable of tremendous mechanical power.

In the case of the Concord National Bank it proved a very handy thing indeed, for the knob of the safe with the long steel rod attached was extracted from the iron door in a very few minutes.

This left a big hole right in the middle of the safe door.

The burglar peered into this a moment.

Then he drew a small sledge hammer and a cold chisel from his bag of instruments.

The end of the sledge hammer was neatly muffled with a heavy pad so that no sound of ringing metal would be given forth when it struck.

All the burglar's movements were quick and noiseless.

The tools never jingled against each other, and in everything he did he was as silent as the grave.

He inserted the cold chisel into the hole in the safe door and thud—thud; he struck it two blows with the sledge hammer.

There was a faint tinkling sound from the safe as the chisel was driven home.

The blows of the hammer were heavy ones, sent in with all the strength of an unusually muscular arm, and the delicate combination lock was smashed into a thousand pieces.

All that remained now for the burglar to do was the picking out of the tumblers of the lock that held the safe door closed.

The burglar accomplished this after ten minutes' careful work with a long piece of heavy brass wire shaped into the form of a hook at one end.

Open the door of the safe swung open.

The burglar made short work of its contents.

There was an inner compartment that was broken open with a single blow of the sledge hammer.

It was filled with a neat package of United States government bonds.

The other compartments were filled with checks, bank notes and gold and silver.

The burglar glanced at the checks and threw them down, but grabbed all the greenbacks in sight.

There were several large packages of these, and although the burglar did not touch the gold and silver, he soon had quite a stack of plunder on the floor in front of the safe.

He removed the tools from the bag, placing them in various pockets.

His jimmy and the "drag" he suspended from his belt in such a way that the tails of the black cutaway coat he wore covered them.

Then he started to work filling the black leather bag with the plunder he had stolen from the bank.

He had a big pile before him and he had trouble getting it all into the bag.

After a great deal of pushing and rearranging he got all the bills and bonds into it except one small package of United States gold certificates.

Try as he might, the burglar could not get this into the bag.

He finally closed the bag, and, carrying the package of gold certificates in one hand and the satchel in the other, he climbed back out of the window by which he had entered the bank.

This took him some time, for he was incumbered by the weight of the tools which he had fastened to his belt, and it was very hard for him to avoid making some noise.

He finally got through, however, and stood on the street again.

He had made some little noise as he came, but it was nothing that could be heard any distance away.

He drew down the window by which he had entered, and save for the fact that two bars of the grating in front of it were twisted out of shape there was nothing to indicate that the bank had been robbed of something over sixty thousand dollars.

Some such thought as that evidently passed through the burglar's mind, for there was a meditative smile on his strong features.

He threw a glance in the direction of the spot where he had deposited the watchman.

That individual was still slumbering peacefully, with his hands and feet bound firmly and a blanket tied over his head.

The burglar smiled as he looked at him.

"He's got about enough morphine in his system to keep him asleep for several hours yet," he said to himself.

The burglar was certainly a man who seemed above his present calling.

His face was the face of an educated man—keen and handsome. His nails were carefully manicured, and he lit a Turkish cigarette with a match which he took from a heavy gold matchcase.

As he puffed the aromatic smoke out on the night air he looked at his watch again.

It was a shallow gold watch, such as a fashionable man wears with evening dress, and it bore, engraved on the case, an elaborate monogram.

"Just got through in time," he said. "I flatter myself that was a nice clean job, if ever there was one. Pretty near time I was getting along."

He stepped to the corner and glanced anxiously down the long, deserted street as though expecting some one.

"Here comes the horse," he said, after listening for a moment.

Sure enough from far down the street came the echoing sound of a galloping horse.

A wisp of moon began to show through the clouds as the sound of clattering hoofs grew louder and louder.

Presently a magnificent bay horse cantered up the street, a tall figure clad in a long, dark cloak perched on its back.

The rider with some difficulty pulled the horse up at the sight of the dark figure on the corner.

"That you, Bracer?"

The question came in a high-pitched, odd sort of

voice and was answered in the affirmative by the burglar.

"All O. K.," he said, running out into the street and tossing away his half-used cigarette. "Here's the stuff."

He pitched the black hand satchel with its precious burden to the rider on the horse as though it were a baseball.

It was caught deftly and stored away in the folds of the long, dark cloak.

Then he tossed over the package of twenty-dollar gold certificates which he had not been able to pack into the bag.

This was also caught.

Then the bay horse was pulled around and sped down the street again at a full gallop.

Clatter, clatter, clatter went his hoofs, fainter and fainter in the distance.

Finally they faded away altogether, and "Bracer," who had been standing in the street looking after the horse, lit another cigarette and disappeared into the night.

CHAPTER II.

HARRY MISSES HIS BOAT.

Half a mile from the Concord National Bank is situated the ferryhouse where one may take a boat from Long Island City to New York.

On the day on which the robbery of the bank occurred a boy named Harry Wilson came over this ferry.

This boy, who was a well-built, sandy-haired fellow in a neatly fitting gray suit and rather broad-brimmed hat, would perhaps be better known to most people as "Young Broadbrim."

He went over to Long Island this afternoon to pay a visit to his mother, who lived a considerable distance out of town during the summer months.

Harry himself was acting as an active assistant to the famous Josiah Broadbrim, and, of course, could not spend very much of his time with his mother.

His business took him into all parts of the coun-

try, and whenever he did get an afternoon off he spent it with his mother, who was a widow, and sometimes grew very lonely in the absence of her son.

Young Broadbrim spent a pleasant afternoon at his mother's house.

It was situated in a pleasant little country village not very far outside the limits of Long Island City.

Harry enjoyed himself so much that he missed the last train that left for New York.

It was then a minute or so after one.

Harry knew that it was a lonely six-mile walk to Long Island City, but he determined to travel the distance on foot.

There was no other way to make the journey, and he had made up his mind that he was going to get back to New York before morning.

So he set out on his lonely journey along a dusty country road.

The night was very dark when he started and it looked as though it were going to rain.

Presently, however, the west wind scattered the clouds and a new moon shone out, giving Young Broadbrim a faint, ghostly light to guide him on his way.

The boy plodded along for nearly a mile, when he came to a sudden standstill.

"By gosh!" he muttered, "there's a sound I haven't heard in a good many months—it reminds me of the days when I was out West."

The sound referred to by Young Broadbrim was caused by the distant hoofbeats of a galloping horse.

Young Broadbrim had been born and bred in the far West, where such a sound echoing over the prairie was a familiar one.

In the East, especially in a city, it is one seldom heard, and Harry stood listening as the hoofbeats drew nearer and nearer.

Presently a great bay horse with a dark figure riding it loomed up before him.

The horse passed him at a full gallop, the rider urging it with voice and spur.

In spite of the fact that the horse passed him at

breakneck speed, Young Broadbrim got a good glimpse of the rider's face.

It was the face of a girl—and of a decidedly pretty one.

She was riding side saddle, but riding like one who was part of the horse she bestrode.

A long, dark cloak half covered her form, and Young Broadbrim noticed that she clutched a black handbag, together with a package of some kind, in the same hand with which she held the reins.

Her other hand held a whip such as a jockey might use.

This peculiar traveler who passed him at such a breakneck speed made Young Broadbrim turn and stare.

"That's a dandy horse she has," he muttered, as he gazed after her. "I wish I was on its back for a while. It's a long time since I've been able to take a canter on the back of a good horse."

Young Broadbrim was thinking of the days he had spent in the wild West.

The sight of the horse and the sound of its hoofs had brought these memories back to him.

Then Young Broadbrim did a curious thing.

It was clearly none of his business who it was that was riding a horse along a country road in the small hours of the morning.

The proper course for him to pursue was to go to the ferryhouse, get home as quickly as possible and never bother his head about the mysterious horse and the mysterious girl who rode it.

Harry did not do this, however.

Instead of that he stood in the middle of the road listening and watching, until the horse had disappeared into the darkness and the sound of its hoofbeats had died away altogether.

He knew of no reason in the world why he should be interested in the girl who had just galloped past him in the night, but he did not stop to consider much about his reasons.

Harry was a boy who thought before he acted in the majority of cases, but at the present moment he was guided not by his thoughts but by a curious feeling

that he had hit upon something that would bear investigation.

Events proved later on that he was right in this feeling.

The faint moon that was now visible was sufficient for him to distinguish with little difficulty the tracks of the horse in the dusty road before him.

He started off to follow these tracks at a brisk pace.

"I would have been just as likely as not to miss the last boat for New York anyway," he thought.

"As it's a warm, pleasant summer night and I am not tired or sleepy in the least, I might as well be taking a walk along this road as waiting half the night in a ferryhouse. There is no knowing what this trail may lead to."

Young Broadbrim found that he had set out upon a pretty long walk.

He followed the highway he was walking upon farther and farther into the country, looking carefully at the trail from time to time to see that he was upon the right track.

After he had gone along in this fashion for about three-quarters of an hour he found that the trail branched off down a side road that ran at right angles to the main highway.

This was a road that had never been used very much, if its present condition was any indication.

It ran between groves of trees on either hand and twisted about in a way that suggested one of the walks in Central Park.

This caused Harry to wonder a little as to who had built this peculiar road, but a few moments later he came upon a beautifully trimmed lawn that showed him that he had found his way into the grounds surrounding the country residence of some wealthy man.

He proceeded with considerable caution now, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides.

He had no notion of being taken for a burglar, or some other malefactor, and he did not want to be caught prowling about a gentleman's private grounds at that unearthly hour of the morning.

He was determined, however, to find out all he could about the girl who had ridden past him on the

road, and he proceeded along, making sure by a close examination of the road, that he was still on the right track.

Presently he came in sight of a magnificent house set full in the center of the grounds.

Back of the house he could see the faint outlines of stables and outhouses, with a road that led to them passing around the side of the house.

This road, which was built of clay and gravel, had evidently been raked over recently, and clear and plain in the middle of it could be seen the tracks of the horse Harry had been following for the past hour.

Young Broadbrim followed this track. It led straight to one of the stables, and Harry went as far as the stable door, only to find that it was securely fastened with a padlock.

The boy detective listened for a moment at the stable door.

At first he could hear no sound whatever, but later on he heard the muffled whinny of a horse inside.

Young Broadbrim remained listening at the stable door for several minutes longer, but he heard nothing more.

Then he took a short walk about the house and outbuildings, but all were as silent as the grave.

There was not the faintest flicker of light anywhere about the big house to indicate that there was anybody up within.

For all that Harry was sure some one had ridden there on a horse a very short time before and had ridden there in a great hurry.

Young Broadbrim was puzzled.

He could not ring the bell of the house and make inquiries as to the young lady who had ridden in there a short time before.

The proprietor of the house would be apt to take him for a prying busybody or a dangerous lunatic if he attempted to do anything like that.

Still, he felt that he had run up against some great mystery and that he ought as a detective to do all he possibly could to find out anything that would explain the strange night ride of the girl who had passed him on the road.

At present, however, he could do nothing more than look at the outside of the house and stables.

After about ten minutes he saw that there was nothing to be gained in this way.

He was as puzzled as ever, but he saw that he was only wasting his time where he was, and so he finally went off again the way he had come.

When he got back to the ferryhouse in Long Island City the sun was just rising, and when he reached the room he occupied in New York it was broad daylight.

He was very sleepy indeed, and so he turned in immediately.

It was about ten o'clock the next day when he was awakened by a knocking on the door of his room.

When he sprang to his feet and opened the door he found a blue-coated telegraph boy awaiting him with a telegram.

The telegram read as follows:

"Report at once. Important case on hand.

"BROADBRIM."

It did not take Harry long to tumble into his clothes and get down to the office of Mr. Josiah Broadbrim on John Street.

He found his chief awaiting him there with several telegrams lying on the table before him.

"Some good work for thee here, Harry," said Old Broadbrim. "We have just received dispatches to go to work on a bank robbery. It looks like a pretty fair case."

Old Broadbrim then handed over several of the telegrams to his young assistant.

They were from the directors of the Concord National Bank and were urging the old Quaker to take charge of an important case.

The case was the robbery of the bank the night before of about everything of value that the building contained.

The reader knows already just how this robbery occurred, but Young Broadbrim did not know anything about it.

Old Broadbrim told him all that the directors knew about the robbery.

The broken window and twisted bars in front of it had been discovered by a policeman early that morning.

Then the watchman had been discovered, bound and gagged, although he had by that time recovered from the effects of the opiate that had been administered to him.

Old Broadbrim had already taken charge of the case, and was able from what he had learned from the telegram of the bank directors to tell pretty well just how the robbery had occurred.

Young Broadbrim listened carefully until he had grasped all the facts of the case. Then he told the older detective of his own adventures of the night before.

"Thee may have hit upon a good clew, Harry," said Old Broadbrim, after Harry had concluded. "Truly this is a case in which any clew at all will be valuable."

"Well, what end of the case do you want me to take?" asked Harry.

"Take the end thee has already started on," said Broadbrim. "Find out all thee can about the girl thee saw on the road last night. She may have some connection with the robbery. No one can tell."

CHAPTER III.

YOUNG BROADBRIM AS A STABLEBOY.

Harry lost no time in getting back to Long Island City, snatching a hasty breakfast at a restaurant on Forty-second Street.

The road which he had traversed by the faint light of the moon the night before looked somewhat different by broad daylight, but Young Broadbrim had very little difficulty in finding his way.

He followed the road along which he had tracked the horse by moonlight, and got a good view of the house he had been prowling about the night before.

It was a very large house and evidently one that belonged to a very wealthy man.

Harry strolled leisurely through the grounds that surrounded it on all sides until, at a sudden turn of

the path he was walking on, he ran full tilt into a tall, sallow young man mounted on a big bay horse.

Harry started when he saw the horse.

He recognized it as the one he had seen on the road the night before.

He was a boy who was fond of horses, and, besides that, he was a boy who had been carefully trained to notice little things by the greatest detective in the country.

There were two little things about this horse that he had noticed on the horse he had seen on the night of the robbery.

One was a white star in the center of the horse's forehead and another was a peculiar way he had of tossing his head. These two circumstances made him sure that it was the same horse.

He did not have very much time to meditate upon this fact, however, for the young man who rode the horse pulled it up to a halt and flourished a heavy riding whip very near Young Broadbrim's head.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the young man. "These are private grounds. You have no business here."

Harry stepped back out of reach of the riding whip and looked the speaker over.

He was tall, sallow and thin.

Young Broadbrim felt that he could have dragged him off his horse and given him a pummeling in a very short space of time, but he remembered that he had other business on hand.

"I'm just looking for a job, sir," he said, submissively.

He determined that he would play the part of a boy who had run away from home and was looking for his work.

"You want a job, do you?" said the young man, looking at the boy with a little more interest. "You look as if you had a father and mother. Why don't they take care of you?"

"I ran away from home."

"Oh, you ran away from home, did you? Do you know anything about horses?"

"I ought to. I was brought up out West."

"Do you think you could ride this horse?"

"I think so."

The young man slipped off the horse and stood holding it by the bridle.

"If you ride that horse," he said, "you'll get a job here in the stables. If you don't you'll get a touch of my whip and get chased out of here a good deal quicker than you came in. If you don't want to try it you can skip without getting anything done to you. I want to give you a chance for your life anyway."

The young man smiled. He thought he was having a pretty good joke at Young Broadbrim's expense.

The horse which he had just dismounted from was noted far and wide for the fact that it threw every stranger who tried to ride it.

The young man expected Harry to go flying over its head in short order.

"I'll try it," said Harry, with a quiet smile. "It's some time since I've ridden a horse, but this one looks easy."

The boy glanced at the saddle and girths to see that they were all right.

The saddle on the horse was a small English saddle, and Harry, like all Westerners, preferred a big saddle.

A matter of a saddle, however, made very little difference to Harry. He was as secure on a horse's back without any saddle at all as most people would be in the finest saddle made.

Without putting his foot in the stirrup, he twisted the fingers of one hand into the mane of the tall bay horse and then suddenly vaulted to its back.

The horse dived into the middle of the road and bucked furiously.

Young Broadbrim stuck to its back as though he belonged there.

He had his feet in the stirrups by this time and he had secured a firm grip with his knees.

The horse bucked and jumped much in the same manner as a Western broncho, but Harry maintained his seat on its back like a cowboy.

Then the horse tried rolling, but Harry caught himself on his feet when the horse went down and was firm in the saddle when it arose again.

The next time the horse tried this Young Broadbrim pulled it up sharply. He had no spurs on, but he kicked it vigorously.

That put a new idea into the head of the bay horse. It threw back its ears and set off at a gallop that made the wind whistle in Young Broadbrim's ears.

Harry kept a firm grip upon the reins in order to prevent the furious horse from getting the bit between his teeth.

The horse dashed along the road at a terrible pace. Where there were trees growing along by the side of the road Harry had to duck his head to save himself from being swept to the ground by their overhanging branches.

Some of them hung so low that he had to lie flat forward on the horse's neck to avoid them.

"This horse ought to be getting tired out pretty soon," he thought; "he had a hard run of it last night if I'm not mistaken."

He pulled sharply on the reins.

The horse actually did slow up a bit, but it was still running at a gallop down one of the driveways.

Harry gave a harder pull on the reins, but the horse only struggled to get the bit between his teeth and increased his speed again.

They had now reached the open road, and Young Broadbrim saw that there was a steep hill some little distance in front of him.

"This ought to tire him out a little," he muttered, as he loosened the reins and urged the horse forward at a quicker pace than ever.

The hill was a very steep one, and the horse soon began to show signs of distress.

Young Broadbrim knew that the time to control the horse had come.

He pulled in on the reins with all his force.

The horse slowed down to a canter.

He pulled still harder and the canter became a trot.

Another pull on the reins brought the horse to a standstill almost at the top of the hill.

It was now thoroughly subdued. It stood with bowed head, dripping with perspiration and shaking like a leaf.

Harry had now turned the horse around and started it back down the hill at a walk.

He patted the neck of the animal with his hand and spoke to it in a gentle tone of voice, doing all he could to make friends with it.

When he reached the foot of the hill he met the young man who had given him a chance to ride the horse.

He looked anxious at first until he got near enough to see that both horse and boy were in good condition.

He seemed much relieved at this discovery.

"You'll do," he said. "You can ride all right, and you've come to the right man if you are looking for a job attending to horses. A kid that can ride a horse the way you rode that one will always have me for a friend. Shake."

Young Broadbrim grasped the hand of the pale young man and gave it a hearty grip.

He slipped off the saddle and turned the reins over to the other.

"What's your name, kid?"

The pale young man asked this question after he had taken a good look over the bay horse and wiped off its damp flanks with a wisp of hay.

"Where did you come from? You ride as if you were a Westerner."

"I am a Westerner," said Harry. "I came East a few months ago. My name is Harry Wilson."

Everything Harry had said was the exact truth.

The pale young man had never heard of Harry Wilson. Had the boy introduced himself as Young Broadbrim his name might have sounded more familiar.

"So you come from the West, eh?" said the other. "My name is Jim Madden, and I'm a horse trainer. I've got charge of the stable of horses belonging to Col. Dempsey, who lives in that big house in the middle of the grounds. I happen to want a stableboy just at present and I don't mind giving you the job. We have a fine stable of horses here. You have heard of Col. Dempsey, of course, the millionaire horse owner and racing man. He keeps one of his stables here and lives in that big house a part of the year."

"Has he any daughters?" asked Harry, suddenly. He was thinking of the girl he had seen riding straight for Col. Dempsey's stables the night before.

Madden stared at him for a moment.

"Daughters!" he exclaimed. "Why he's an old bachelor."

"Are there any young ladies staying at the house, then?"

"Not a one. There isn't so much as a servant girl about the place. The colonel isn't here now, and the only people about the place are the men I've got working for me at the stable."

Madden was riding the horse back toward the house at a slow trot, and Young Broadbrim was trotting along on the ground by his side.

The horse trainer thought that it was a little peculiar that the boy should ask such a question, but he had taken a fancy to Harry because of the way the boy had ridden his horse.

The horse had been originally bred for the race track, but had proved too unmanageable to be of any use there. Col. Dempsey had then turned the horse over to Madden, who rode it himself. It was known as Mosquito, and there was nobody about the place who would go near it except Madden.

Madden told Harry this much as the two went back to Col. Dempsey's stables.

Needless to say Harry was puzzled. He looked closely at Madden, but so far as he could see, the horse trainer was speaking the truth.

Harry saw that he was at a deadlock for the present. The only way for him to set about solving the mystery was to accept Madden's offer of a job and watch out about the place for any shreds of information he might pick up.

The boy did not have much time to think at the present moment, for Madden set him to work at once grooming the horses in the stables.

There were only two other men working in the stables at that time. Harry soon made their acquaintance.

One was a large Irishman, with a fiery red crop of hair, who answered to the name of Mulligan.

The other was a Southerner named Shouse, a dark-haired, lightly-built young fellow who looked a good deal above his present position as stableman.

As there were about twenty horses in the stables, and as Madden himself never did any work he could help, his three underlings had a pretty hard morning's work of it. The horses in the stables were mostly broken-down racers or carriage horses, Col. Dempsey having the best of his horses at various race tracks.

At twelve o'clock their work was completed, and Madden told them that they could go for the day.

Mulligan threw on his coat and hurried off without even waiting to wash his hands. Shouse was a little more careful of his personal appearance.

Young Broadbrim determined that if there was any one about the stable who could give him a clew it would be Shouse, so he waited until the Southerner left the stable and joined him outside.

For the first time in his career as a detective Harry had before him the task of pumping information out of a man he did not know very well.

It was a task that he did not relish very much, but he set himself to it with all the determination of his nature.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOUSE GETS A SURPRISE.

When Shouse left the stables after the morning's work was over he turned down a road leading off to the left and went along this at a brisk pace.

He paid no attention to Harry, who trotted along beside him.

In fact, he seemed anxious to get rid of the boy, for at a cross road at which he arrived after a few minutes' walk he came to a standstill and asked Young Broadbrim which way he was going.

"I'm looking for a place where I can get some dinner," said Harry. This was strictly the truth, for the boy was pretty hungry. For all that, he would have gone without eating for a long time to keep his eyes on Shouse.

He felt that there was something suspicious about

the Southerner, and the fact that Shouse wanted to get rid of him only made him the more determined to stick close to him.

"Where do you live?" asked Shouse. "Why don't you go home for your dinner?"

Young Broadbrim laughed.

"I live wherever I happen to be, and I haven't any home to go to at present. Where do you live?"

Shouse looked at the boy in silence for a moment.

"I live at a house a little way down this road," he said, finally. "If you want to you can come along and have dinner at the same place. You can get a dinner there for thirty cents. Have you that much money about you?"

Young Broadbrim made a pretense of fumbling about in the bottom of his pocket before he answered this question.

Of course he was well supplied with funds, but he wanted to give Shouse the impression that he was a poor Western boy who had a hard time of it to get anything to eat.

He pulled a quarter and two dimes from his pocket.

"Sure I've got it," he said. "Do they give you a good square meal for thirty cents. It's a good deal to spend for one meal."

"You'll get all you want," said Shouse. "Come right along."

He set off again down the road. He looked closely at Harry several times, and as they walked along questioned him about his past history.

Harry knew that it was up to him to play a part.

He played it to perfection, for by the time that they had arrived at a little farmhouse about half a mile down the road Shouse thought that he knew the history of the boy from A to Z.

Harry had given his real name when asked for it.

Harry Wilson is a common enough name, and he felt sure that Shouse would not associate it with that of Young Broadbrim, the boy detective.

The farmhouse opposite which they stopped was a small one, but it had a considerable piece of ground fenced off in a yard about it.

The house was in a rather dilapidated looking con-

dition, and the garden was filled with a rank growth of weeds. In fact, it looked like a house that had been permitted to go to rack and ruin for a good many years.

Back of the house there was a small barn or stable, with a driveway running through the yard to a wide gate at one side.

This gate had fallen from its hinges and was lying in the grass beside the fence.

Harry's quick eye took in all these circumstances in an instant of time.

Just as Harry and Shouse turned in the gate to the house a horse and buggy emerged from the barn, passed out through the driveway and off down the road.

The horse went off at a pretty brisk trot and the buggy rattled after it in a cloud of dust.

For all that Harry got a good look at the occupant of the buggy.

It was a girl, and in spite of her natural self-control, he uttered an exclamation when he saw her face.

It was the same girl who had ridden past him on the night of the bank robbery—the same girl who he had been trying to trail.

Harry realized that it would be unwise for him to attempt to follow her just then, and he reined in his command of himself so quickly that Shouse did not notice his surprise at all.

The Southerner led the way into the house without taking any notice of the buggy that had just driven out.

The room that Harry entered after him was very scantily furnished and not over clean. It looked to Harry as though the house were only used as a temporary residence for a makeshift.

There was a table with a clean table cloth on it in the center of the room, however, and a negro woman soon entered with several dishes containing the materials for a very good meal.

"Set the table for two, Susie," said Shouse, "I've got a friend with me for dinner."

"Yassir, yassir," said Susie, "I done see yo' got a

young gemman wif yo'," and she bustled about setting the table in a great hurry.

Harry thought it peculiar that a stable hand should have a negro cook to wait on him, but he said nothing at all.

"Pay your money to this lady," said Shouse. "She keeps this boarding house."

Young Broadbrim saw that the house he was in was anything but a boarding house, but he said nothing.

He handed thirty cents over to the colored woman, who received it with considerable surprise.

Shouse gave her a significant look as she was about to speak, and she closed her big mouth up like a pair of nut crackers and put the money in her apron pocket.

There was fried chicken, corn bread and corn fritters on the table, together with a pot of fragrant black coffee.

It was first-class Southern cooking, such as old negro women alone can furnish. There is no more appetizing food in the world, and Young Broadbrim pitched into it with a vigor that proved the excellence of his appetite.

Shouse did not appear to be hungry.

He nibbled at his food as though he did not care much whether he ate anything or not. He drank several big cups of coffee, however, and then took out some tobacco and paper, rolled a cigarette and lighted it.

Harry watched the deft way he handled the flake tobacco and rolled it into the paper tube.

"If I had never seen that man in my life before," he thought, as he made a fresh onslaught on the fried chicken and corn fritters, "I would know that he was either a Southerner or a Westerner from the way he rolled a cigarette. He could roll a cigarette with one hand while his horse was going at a dead run and not waste much tobacco either."

Shouse lit his cigarette and sent a blue cloud of smoke into the air.

"I've thrown up my job," he said, "so you won't see me when you go to work next Monday. I intend to leave this section of the country this afternoon.

I'm going South again, back to God's country. It's the only place fit for a man to live."

Harry disagreed, mentally, with the statement that the South was the only place fit for a man to live. Most native born Westerners would have done the same.

Harry said nothing out loud, however, but helped himself to more fried chicken and a cup of coffee.

"You won't be able to board here after this, either," continued the Southerner. "This colored lady tells me she is going to shut up shop and go to New York after to-day. Isn't that right, mammy?"

"Dat's what Ah'm gwine to do," said Susie. "Ah'm gwine away as soon as yo' gemman get froo wif yo' eatin'."

Harry had finished the chicken by this time, and sat back with a satisfied look on his face.

"I suppose I'll have to spend the afternoon hunting up a place to board," he said.

"Kain't boahd heah no mo'," said Susie.

"Well, I'm going to take a sneak right away," said Shouse. "I've got to catch a train this afternoon. So long, Susie."

Shouse arose, brushed the crumbs from his lap and put on his hat.

"I guess I'll walk along with you a little way, Mr. Shouse," said Harry. "I have to start out right away, anyway, to hunt a place to board."

Shouse looked as though he would have preferred to go off alone, but he evidently could think of no excuse to make Harry stay behind.

He said nothing, but went out immediately.

Harry followed him, after bidding good-by to Susie.

As they walked up the road he asked Shouse where there was another boarding place.

"You're going in the wrong direction to find a boarding place, young man," said Shouse. "I think there is a place where they take boarders about two miles down the road in another direction. There is nothing in this direction except the railroad station."

"I think I'll take a walk up this way anyway," said the boy detective. "I want to see what the country

looks like and it's nice to be along with you just for the sake of company."

Shouse stared at the boy.

"Just as you please," he said.

"I would like to ask you a few questions in regard to your business at the stables."

"You can ask me anything you please."

Young Broadbrim smiled and glanced about him. They were now in a very lonely stretch of road with not a human being or even a house in sight.

"Do you ever do any work in the stables at night?" he asked.

Shouse did not answer Harry for a moment. A very shifty look came into his eyes.

"No," he said, "I do all my work in the daytime."

"Were you in the stables last night?"

Shouse stopped for a moment.

Then he started on again faster than before. His eyes were shiftier than ever, and Harry was watching him as a cat watches a mouse.

"No," gasped Shouse. "What would I be doing in the stables at night when they are all locked up?"

"Who was that young lady that drove out of your boarding house just as we went into it?"

"I don't know who she is. I just got a glimpse of her."

"Is she a good horsewoman?"

The Southerner turned sharp around upon the boy and gave him a searching look.

"What do you mean by questioning me in this fashion?" he asked, in a grating voice.

"Hold out your hands."

Young Broadbrim's voice had taken on a new tone. It was stern and cold, much like the voice of the great old Quaker detective when he is aroused. Moreover, he had uttered the command so suddenly and so sharply that before he realized what he was doing Shouse had reached out his hands.

Click!

A glittering steel handcuff was clamped on his left wrist.

Shouse gave a wild yell and sprang back, swinging at the boy with his right fist.

Harry ducked the blow and tried to grasp hold of the arm, but failed to do so, and Shouse broke away from him entirely.

He started to run down the road and Harry went after him, footing it to the best of his ability.

"That was bungling work," he said to himself. "Old Broadbrim would have got him by both wrists sure."

Harry may not be as quick with the handcuffs as his Quaker chief, but he is every bit as quick on his feet.

Although Shouse was running as only a desperate man can run, Harry was overhauling him speedily.

The Western boy would make his mark on the cinder path if he ever went in for that sort of thing.

Harry had never played football.

A poor Western boy does not have very many opportunities for such athletic sports in the far West, and Harry had always to work hard to support himself and his widowed mother until he came East with Old Broadbrim and started on his career as a detective.

He was a natural athlete, however, and a flying tackle is a simple thing to such a boy as he is.

When he came within five or six feet from Shouse he shot head first at him like a human cannon ball.

It was a tackle such as would delight the heart of the coach of the Yale football team.

Harry's head caught the Southerner somewhere in the small of the back.

His arms twined themselves about his legs.

The two went down in a heap, rolling over and over in the dust.

Shouse was not stunned by the fall, for he fought like a wildcat, trying to shake himself free of the boy.

They rolled over and over. First Shouse was underneath then Broadbrim.

Shouse beat at Harry's head with the loose handcuff which he held in his left hand.

The boy got a cut over the eye that hurt.

At the same moment Shouse managed to get above him and fix his right hand in an iron grip at his throat.

He leaned his whole weight on the boy's chest and beat him over the head with the steel handcuff.

Harry's head felt as though it were going through a rolling mill and countless stars danced before his eyes.

He struggled and fought to the best of his ability, however, and managed to partially dislodge Shouse from his chest.

He made another great effort and forced the Southerner clear of him altogether. By this time Young Broadbrim's head was swimming and he could hardly see.

Shouse was beside him on his knees on the road, and Harry managed to break his hold a little and get to his knees also.

Shouse renewed his grasp on the boy's throat and struck at him again with the handcuff.

His blows were wild, however, and the majority of them fell on Harry's shoulders.

They hurt, of course, but they did not stun him as did those that landed on his head.

The pressure on his throat was telling terribly on the boy, and it was all he could do to breathe.

He hunched up his shoulders to protect his head from the blows which were raining upon him.

Then he gathered himself together for another great effort.

He raised his right hand from the ground and passed it under the Southerner's left arm and up until his hand rested on the back of his neck.

Shouse did not know anything about wrestling.

Anybody who does can see that Harry had secured a half Nelson hold on his opponent and that it remained for the strongest man to win.

When Shouse felt the pressure of Harry's hand on the back of his neck he stopped his tattoo on the boy's shoulders and exerted every effort to keep from being turned over on his back.

Had he not done so, he would have gone over at once.

As it was it was nip and tuck.

Harry was undoubtedly the stronger of the two, but Shouse was heavier than he was. His hold at Young Broadbrim's throat was broken now and the boy was enabled to breathe freely.

Shouse had both hands on the ground now and Broadbrim was exerting every effort to throw him over.

He gathered his strength together and threw his shoulder hard against the Southerner, pushing with every ounce of his body.

Very few men could have withstood that onslaught, and Shouse was pushed halfway over. He twisted a little to one side, got one foot on the ground and half arose to his feet.

Harry pushed with his shoulder harder than ever.

Shouse slipped farther to the side and managed to get to his feet altogether, staggering back and back under the boy's terrible driving power.

Back and back, farther and farther he went across the dusty road, Harry never relaxing his efforts for a moment. He knew that if he was ever going to throw Shouse he must do it now.

He felt his strength failing him, but he knew that when they struck the bushes at the edge of the road the Southerner must go over.

Would he be able to push Shouse back that far?

His eyes were tight closed and he could not have seen with them had they been open.

His teeth were set like a vise.

Shouse's footwork was the only thing that was saving him from a fall.

Harry made another great effort—they were near the edge of the road now.

Now they were right at the edge of the ditch that ran alongside of the road inside the edge.

Harry pushed harder and harder; he felt the Southerner's strength going.

He was bending back—farther and farther back on the edge of the ditch. It was now or never. Crash!

They had fallen into the ditch, Shouse underneath, and Young Broadbrim had triumphed.

A moment later the handcuffs were secured on the other wrist of his prisoner and Harry drew back for a moment to wipe the sweat and blood from his face.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER BANK ROBBERY.

After Young Broadbrim had left his chief and started on his thief hunt in Long Island City, the old Quaker spent considerable time going over the details of the case and had a long talk with the president of the Concord National Bank over the telephone.

This took up a good deal of the day, and after that Old Broadbrim spent some little time going over the papers in regard to another case which he had just completed.

It is the custom of the old Quaker, after he has finished his work in regard to any case, to prepare his in-

formation and evidence in the form of a legal brief, which he generally turns over to the district attorney who has to prosecute the criminal.

Old Broadbrim has had a splendid legal education, and owing to his great experience is one of the finest authorities in America on the intricacies of criminal law.

If he cared to practice law he could have clients crowding to his door to get his services at any price, but Broadbrim prefers detective work, and thinks that it offers him more variety and excitement than any legal practice, however large and varied.

When he helps a lawyer out by preparing a case against a man guilty of a crime there is very little chance of that criminal's escaping.

On this particular Sunday Broadbrim got through a great deal of work.

He felt that Harry Wilson was fully competent to go on with the Concord Bank robbery case, for a while at least, and he gave all his attention to the other cases which he was just winding up.

He had his lunch sent in to him at his office, and kept hard at work all the afternoon.

In the evening he returned to his office and met several clients with whom he had made appointments.

It was about twelve o'clock at night that he locked up his office and started out, intending to go uptown to his home and get a good night's sleep so that he would be ready to tackle the Concord Bank robbery case in the morning.

The old Quaker's office is situated on John Street.

At about midnight on a Sunday night it is about as quiet and deserted a place as can be found anywhere in Manhattan.

Nobody lives in the vicinity; all the buildings on the downtown streets are used for business offices which are closed up on Sundays.

Old Broadbrim walked west along John Street, intending to take a Sixth Avenue elevated train uptown.

As he passed up the street he noticed that a light which was generally left burning all night in one of the stores on the south side of the street was out and that the big store window was in darkness.

The store was occupied by an acquaintance of Broadbrim's, a gold beater and metallurgist, who always kept a considerable quantity of gold and other precious metals in the safe at the back of his store.

Old Broadbrim went over close to the store window and looked in.

The window was all right, so he next turned his attention to the door leading into the store at the right-hand side of the window.

Old Broadbrim uttered a subdued exclamation when he looked at the door.

It was not quite shut, and swung open all the way when the detective touched it with his hand.

Broadbrim drew a little electric pocket lantern from his pocket.

It was one of his own inventions, and when the Quaker turned the current on by pressing a button it gave a soft, clear light that illuminated the door as well as a dozen incandescent lamps could.

The door looked just about as the detective expected it would look.

There were several marks and breaks in the woodwork above and below the lock, and the catches of the locks and bolts that had been used to fasten the door were forced completely out of their proper position.

"The man that did this job knew how to handle a jimmy," said Broadbrim.

Then he stepped inside the store and threw the light from his lamp on the safe which stood at the back of the store.

The door of the safe hung wide open, and scattered about the floor in front of the safe was a heap of papers of various descriptions which evidently belonged inside the safe.

Old Broadbrim went over and looked at the safe.

It was not a combination lock safe, but one of the very newest variety, which operated by means of a time lock.

There was absolutely nothing on the plain outer surface of the safe that a burglar could use as a loophole in effecting an entry into it.

There was no handle to pull the door open, nor was there any combination lock by which the door could be forced.

Broadbrim looked at the open door of the safe with an expression of considerable interest on his stern old face.

"The man that broke this open," he muttered, "was a skillful burglar. I have never seen a neater job."

The Quaker stooped down and looked at the lock of the safe, throwing the light of his lantern into the interior of the safe.

It was empty save for a pile of checks, bills and other papers similar to those that lay on the floor.

The burglars had evidently taken everything of value.

Broadbrim did not have time to carry his investigations much further, for heavy footsteps sounded behind him and a hand was laid on his shoulder.

He turned and cast the light from his lantern into the face of a big policeman who had just entered the store.

The policeman thought that he had caught a man in the act of breaking into the safe.

He dragged Broadbrim to his feet and started to pull him toward the door.

"You're caught this time," he said; "you might as well come along quietly."

Old Broadbrim laid an iron hand on the policeman and forced him to stand still.

Then he turned his lantern so that its light fell on his own face.

"Thee has got the wrong man, my friend," he said. "Thee had better look elsewhere for the burglar."

The policeman recognized the old detective at once and released him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Broadbrim," he said. "Has a robbery been committed?"

"The safe has been looted."

The policeman gave a look at the safe and then groaned.

"I don't see when it could have happened," he said. "I wasn't away from this place for half an hour all evening."

"This might have been done in fifteen minutes," said Broadbrim. "The man who did it was a very skillful burglar. These time locks are supposed to be burglar proof."

He cast the light of his lamp on the edge of the open door of the safe and examined it more closely.

"The only tools a man need to do this job," he said, "are a bicycle pump and a bottle of nitro-glycerine."

"But if he had blown it open with nitro-glycerine I would have heard the explosion," said the policeman.

"The explosion of small quantities of nitro-glycerine makes scarcely any noise," said Broadbrim. "The man that blew open this safe did it with three small charges of nitro-glycerine which he forced in between the door and the side of the safe with a bicycle pump. Hello——"

Broadbrim stooped down and ran his fingers along one of the corners of the safe door.

Then he stood up again.

"It was not a man that cracked this safe," he said.

"Not a man?"

The policeman's wits were not of the sharpest, and the discovery of the robbery had dazed him a little.

"No," said Broadbrim. "It was a woman who broke into this safe."

"A woman?"

"Yes, a woman. Here's some portion of her black silk skirt that caught on the door. A man never wears black silk except in a necktie, and this is a variety of silk that is never used as a fabric for neckties."

Old Broadbrim held up a few shreds of black silk which had been caught on the sharp corner of the safe door.

"She was a blond and a tall, powerful woman."

"Did you see the robbery?" gasped the policeman.

"No."

"How do you know all that, then?"

The grim old Quaker smiled.

"As for her being blond," he said, "here's one of her hairs that I found on the floor just as you came in. Trust a woman to leave a few long hairs lying about wherever she goes."

The detective held up a long, golden-brown hair to the astonished gaze of the policeman.

"As to her being tall," he continued, "I could tell from the position of the marks on the front door which was forced, that whoever had used the jimmy was over five feet seven in height. A woman who is as tall as that passes as a pretty tall woman, even if she doesn't wear high French heels."

The policeman could only gape in astonishment.

To him, the shrewdness of the old detective seemed something more than human.

"So far as her strength goes," went on the detective, "it takes a strong man who has some steel in his muscles to use a jimmy the way this burglar used his jimmy on the front door."

"That's right," said the policeman, "it takes sleuths like us to track up mysteries like this."

This particular policeman had once been allowed to act as a detective in order to collect evidence against a certain gambling house.

The part he had to play required him to do nothing more than look like a greenhorn and lose a little money.

in the gambling house, but he had not succeeded in doing even this successfully.

He had disguised himself elaborately, but had neglected to remove his square-toed policeman's shoes in visiting the gambling house.

The proprietor, not being a farmer, had spotted these at once and had persuaded the policeman that the house he ran was nothing more than a reading-room for people who were fond of the works of Shakespeare.

The policeman had believed all this and had gone off, satisfied, although there was a full-sized faro game running in the room next to the one in which the proprietor had received him.

In spite of this, however, the policeman believed that he was one of the shrewdest men in New York.

Broadbrim knew all this and smiled at the policeman's conceit.

"Trot around to the police station and bring the captain over," he said. "I'll stay here and do a little investigating till you get back."

"Can't I help you?"

"Not a bit. The only thing you can do is to trot along to the police station as fast as your legs will carry you."

After this rebuff the policeman had nothing more to say, but hurried out of the store, leaving Old Broadbrim prowling about inside, flashing the light from his lantern in all directions.

The breaking open of the safe interested him very much.

It was one of the cleverest pieces of burglary he had seen in a long time, and if there is anybody on earth who is a good judge of that sort of work it is Old Broadbrim, the detective.

He bent over the safe door, setting his lantern on the ground and running his fingers up and down the edge of the door.

All along the door, except in one spot where the nitro-glycerine had been forced in, soft soap had been rubbed into the crevice between the door and the wall of the safe.

This is a trick well known to all high-grade burglars.

The soap is applied in this manner to keep the nitro-glycerine from spreading up and down the crevice.

If the nitro-glycerine is allowed to spread in this manner the force of the explosion is lessened a great deal.

Besides that, the noise made by the explosion of the stuff is a great deal louder.

Broadbrim is greatly interested in all such little details of the cracksman's trade.

He was greatly interested in the present piece of work.

So interesting, in fact, that as he bent over the safe door, he did not notice a dark figure that stole out of the shadows at the back of the store outside of the circle of light thrown by his little electric lantern.

Nearer and nearer crept the dark figure, while Old Broadbrim, all unconscious of the fact there was any one but himself in the store still bent over the rifled safe.

Thud!

A sandbag—a long, tubular, cloth thing filled with sand, had fallen on the detective's head.

The noise it made was so soft that it could not have been heard ten feet away.

It seemed strange that a blow which made no more sound than that could be so deadly in its effects.

The old detective gasped, sat up, and then rolled backward on the floor without another sound.

A moment later, and he was being dragged toward the back of the store by two people.

One of them was an active man of middle height and of athletic build.

The other was a tall, blond girl.

They dragged the detective out the back door of the store, which had also been forced open.

They had considerable trouble in getting him along, but they got him out in pretty short time for all that.

An alleyway ran from the back of the store through from east to west.

It opened on Nassau Street, and was used for heavy trucks that deposited metals and other weighty articles in the stores situated on the south side of John Street.

Old Broadbrim was half dragged, half carried, through this alleyway.

Opposite the opening of the alley on Nassau Street, a cab was standing hitched to a lamppost.

The detective was bundled into this cab, and the young woman jumped in after him.

The man leaped lightly to the box.

There was no other driver in the cab, and the burglar lost no time in whipping up the horse and getting out of the vicinity.

When Old Broadbrim came to himself again he was

conscious of a terrible headache—the result of the blow from the sandbag.

He was also conscious of the fact that a gag had been forced into his mouth, and that he was bound hand and foot.

He knew, however, in spite of his present plight that he had been right in regard to the person who had broken open the safe.

Beside him sat the girl cracksman—a tall, powerful, handsome girl.

Meanwhile a detachment of reserves had arrived at the scene of the burglary, and there was a great deal of talk and confusion over the mysterious disappearance of Old Broadbrim.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUNG BROADBRIM IS LEFT ALONE.

Young Broadbrim was naturally tired out after his rough and tumble wrestling match with Shouse.

As for Shouse himself, he was in a much worse condition than the boy detective.

His fall into the ditch at the side of the road had been a very heavy one, and he lay there as though he were dead.

He was dead to the world for the time being, as Harry found when he bent over him.

Harry would have liked to sit down to take a rest, then and there, but, before he did so, he fastened the other part of the handcuff on the right wrist of the unconscious man, and bound his ankles with a piece of heavy cloth which he tore from the lining of his Quaker gray coat.

Then he went through the pockets of the Southerner.

In the coat pocket he found nothing but a handkerchief and some small change, but he did not stop there.

He went through every pocket of the man's clothes and searched him to see that no weapons were concealed anywhere.

Old Broadbrim had taught his pupil all the rudiments of detective work, and Harry could search a man thoroughly in very quick time.

He found little to reward him for his pains in this case.

In one pocket was a bunch of keys, in another he found a partially braided whip lash, and, in a third, he found a visiting card.

Besides this, he found some tobacco and a box of cigarettes.

Harry threw the cigarettes and tobacco away.

He is a good deal of a crank on the subject of tobacco himself, and strongly objects to its use in any form whatsoever.

The visiting card, however, he looked at with more interest.

It was somewhat crumpled and soiled from the fact that it had been carried in a rather dirty pocket for some time, but the name on it was quite legibly engraved in a fashionable script.

Harry held it up to the sunlight and read:

"Miss Rosalinda Lee."

Beneath this was written in pencil the word:

"Concord at twelve."

"I wonder if that is the name of the girl cracksman that I'm after?" said Harry. "And what does this writing below her name mean? 'Concord at twelve.' I think I can understand it. That word Concord must mean the Concord National Bank, and twelve midnight must have been the time she intended to rob it."

You see that Harry had already settled in his own mind that the girl he had seen galloping past him at midnight, on horseback, was the robber of the Concord National Bank, and that Shouse was leagued with her in some way.

He was still looking curiously at the peculiar writing on the card, which looked like a woman's handiwork, when a slight movement from Shouse called his attention to him.

Shouse had opened his eyes now and was looking at the boy in a wondering way.

Then he seemed to remember where he was. A scowl came over his face, and he gave vent to a few muttered oaths.

Harry gazed at him without saying a word.

One of the detective maxims that Broadbrim had impressed upon him was:

"Let the other man do most of the talking. Don't question him, but just keep quiet and let him talk, and he will generally tell you what you want to know."

Harry remembered this maxim at the present moment, so he stared away at Shouse as though he had no curiosity in regard to him whatever.

Shouse was not so self-contained.

He made an effort to rise, and found that he was bound hand and foot; then he sank back again with a curse.

"You young scoundrel," he muttered, "you have nearly killed me. I suppose you are a detective and that the jig is up. If I had known that a kid like you was going around making arrests I would never have been so chummy with you. I don't care anyway. They can't give me a heavy sentence, for they haven't got any evidence against me."

Young Broadbrim listened to these words with concealed delight.

He had not a particle of evidence against Shouse—nothing but suspicions.

But now the words of his prisoner convinced him that his suspicions were correct, and that all he had to do to get the whole inside history of the bank robbery was to pretend that he knew about it already.

His face did not indicate in the least what he was thinking.

It was as stolid as an Indian's, and he grasped the arm of the prostrate man and assisted him to his feet before he said anything.

"We may have more evidence than you think," he muttered. "You've got to come along with me anyway, and you might as well do it quietly."

"I'll do it quietly, never fear," said Shouse. "You gave me all the fight I want for some time to come. You are as strong as a lion. What's your name?"

"I told you that my name was Harry Wilson," said the boy, "and so it is. They sometimes refer to me as Young Broadbrim."

"Young Broadbrim, eh?" said Shouse, looking at the boy with some little admiration in his eyes. "Anything to Old Broadbrim?"

"His assistant."

"Is Old Broadbrim on the case, too?"

"Yes."

"I might have known it. He's the shrewdest man in the business, and I knew that if we got him on our trails he would surely nail us before long. Have they got the rest of the gang?"

Young Broadbrim did not exactly know how to answer this question. He wanted to lead Shouse into telling everything that he knew, and he concluded that the best way was to say "Yes."

"Where did they catch Rosa?"

"In Brooklyn."

Harry saw that he had made a mistake the moment he had given this answer.

He saw the expression change on Shouse's face, and knew that the latter saw through his little game.

"You can't work that racket on me, Mr. Young Broadbrim," said the Southerner. "You are simply throwing a bluff to make me tell you all I know, and it won't go with me, not for a minute."

Shouse had evidently all his wits about him, now.

He probably would have been more cautious in talking to the boy detective previous to this had he not been somewhat dazed by the effects of the struggle and fall.

"I know the kind of games you detectives work," he said. "You don't catch me in them, not for a minute."

He shut his mouth, after this speech, as though he meant it to stay closed, and Young Broadbrim saw that there was no use trying to get anything more out of him.

"Come along then," said he, "and I'll put you in a place of safety for the present."

"You had better loosen up my feet a little so I can walk."

"You give me your word that you won't try to break away?"

"Certainly. I'm not a crazy man. I wouldn't fight you again for all the money in the world. I've had all the scrapping I want for the present."

Harry undid the bindings at his feet and put the piece of cloth he had used back in his pocket.

He felt that he might need it some time in the near future, and he went on the principal that it was best to be prepared for all emergencies.

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Shouse.

"Back to that funny boarding house of yours," said Harry, with a smile. "You must have thought I wasn't very bright if you thought that I wouldn't see that there was something queer about that house."

"I didn't think anything about you," growled Shouse. "At least I didn't think that you were a detective. I thought that you were a kid that wanted something to eat, and I was only doing you a kindness. You see what I get for it."

"I'm much obliged for your good intentions," said Young Broadbrim, "but it was a matter of duty with me to put you under arrest. You may not get a very heavy sentence; you may get off altogether if you give

us some information in regard to the rest of the robbers."

Shouse smiled.

"You don't get me to talk any more," he said. "You don't know where the girl is, and I wouldn't have her landed in jail for anything you could give me."

Harry saw that it was of no use to question Shouse any further just then, so he ordered his prisoner to lead the way back to the house he had occupied.

It did not take them long to find it, and, as Harry had expected, it was deserted when they got there.

Young Broadbrim's idea was that this house had been hired by the bank robbers as a sort of temporary headquarters until after the booty from the band had been secured, and that the negro woman who had been the ostensible owner of the house, had simply been employed to cook and keep house for Shouse and the girl cracksman while they were staying there.

Now that the whole affair was over, she had gone away again.

The woman in the case had also driven off, and Shouse would also have disappeared had it not been for Young Broadbrim's bold stroke in making him a prisoner.

The house looked remarkably bleak and bare when Harry and Shouse entered it. Shouse sat down in one of the chairs in the room where he had eaten lunch with Harry that afternoon, and Harry, after seeing that he was tied so that he could not make his escape, started on a tour of exploration through the place.

His first job was to look through the stable.

He found nothing there that interested him very much.

The horse and buggy in which the girl cracksman had driven away that noon had evidently been kept there, for there was still a litter of straw and some half a peck of oats in one of the stalls.

Beyond this, however, the stable looked as though it had not been occupied in a great many years.

It was covered with dust everywhere, the door was hanging half off its hinges, and the shingle roof had a great many big holes in it that must have admitted the rain in wet weather.

The boy detective next turned his attention to the house, at first taking a look at his prisoner to see that he was all right.

Three of the rooms upstairs had been cleaned out and had beds in them.

One of these was rather cleaner than the others. It had a washstand and a bureau in it.

On the bureau, Harry found several hairpins. He immediately concluded that this was the room that had been occupied by the girl cracksman.

Another of the rooms had evidently been used as a sleeping chamber by Shouse. A man's hat lay on the floor, and there were several cigarettes scattered about on the floor and washstand.

Young Broadbrim did not pay very much attention to the third room.

It had a bed in it, with a gayly colored patchwork quilt on it.

"This was where the old nigger mammy slept," said Young Broadbrim.

The boy realized fully that he was dealing with no ordinary band of thieves.

The ordinary cracksman is as tough and rough an individual as can be found anywhere. He is not at all fastidious as regards his habits, and is generally quite content to sleep on a dusty floor or any other place convenient rather than take the trouble to provide more refined accommodations.

Besides this, Harry had seen at a glance that Shouse was a good deal of a gentleman. Harry sized him up as a Southerner, who had spent a good part of his life about race tracks in various parts of the country.

He had a good deal more education and a better appearance than the ordinary crook, and Young Broadbrim decided in his mind that the present affair was the first really criminal operation in which he had ever engaged.

It did not take him long to go through the rest of the house.

It was as bare and empty as the grave, and all the floors were deeply covered with a fine, impalpable dust which only accumulates in a dwelling that has been empty for a considerable space of time.

The majority of detectives, had they been in Harry's position, would have made a rigorous search of the house then and there, to see if any of the stolen money had been concealed in it.

Harry did not believe in wasting his energies in this way.

He knew that if the tenants of the house had decided to leave it for good they would likely take all their plunder with them.

"I guess that most of the stuff stolen from the Con-

cord Bank went away with the girl in that buggy that left at noon," he muttered.

"There is no use wasting time searching for it here, for the present at any rate."

The boy returned to the room in which he had left Shouse tied to a chair.

Shouse looked pretty tired out and dejected in his torn, dusty clothes, but he smiled when Harry entered the room.

"You're wasting your time here," he said, "you won't find any clew of money around this old shack."

"That's all right," Harry said, "I've got my own way of doing business and I want to know."

"Do you know what I want?"

Harry glanced at his watch. It was very nearly sunset.

"Pretty near time I got back to New York to see Old Broadbrim," he said.

"Going to take me with you?"

"Not on your life. I don't want to lug you through town with a pair of handcuffs on you, just at present. I'll come back for you after I've had a talk with the old Quaker."

"Don't you think we ought to have a little supper first? You can buy a couple of sandwiches at a saloon a couple of miles down the road."

This proposition struck the boy as a pretty good one.

He brushed the dust and grime from his clothes and had a good wash. Then he released Shouse long enough to allow him to do the same.

Shouse was very glad of the chance to get some of the grime off his face.

Both he and Young Broadbrim had presented a very dirty appearance since their wrestling match in the ring.

Shouse had several long scratches and bruises about his face, and Harry had a couple of nasty scalp wounds where the Spanner had struck him with the handcuffs.

After their ablutions were concluded Harry tied his prisoner up again.

Shouse made no further attempt to get away.

He had a wholesome fear of Young Broadbrim's hard fists, and, in spite of the fact that they were working against each other, he seemed to have a genuine admiration for the boy detective.

Harry bound him to a chair, so that there was no

possibility of his getting away, and took the further precaution of wedging the doors and windows close with pieces of wood driven in from the outside.

Then he started off on his search for supper.

The saloon where he got the sandwiches was a very long two miles away, and it was after dark when Harry returned with them.

He found a candle, lit it, and the detective and prisoner enjoyed their meal as though they were the best of friends.

Harry had at first decided to telegraph to Old Broadbrim and spend the night with his prisoner.

There was a telegraph office with a telephone in it near the saloon where he purchased the sandwiches.

Harry tried to get into communication with his chief over the telephone, before he bought the sandwiches, but was unsuccessful.

After supper he again tried to call up Broadbrim's office on the wire, but the old Quaker was not in.

Then Harry finally decided that he would go back to New York.

He first walked back to the house where he had left his prisoner and allowed him to go to bed.

Then he carefully wedged shut the doors and windows of the bedroom so that there should be no possibility of Shouse getting away during his absence.

He had to whittle the wedges from old fence pickets with his pocket knife, and drive them in with a big stone he picked up in the yard.

As this was all done in the darkness, it took considerable time, and it was nearly eleven when the boy detective finally got started for New York.

He had a long wait for a train to carry him into Long Island City, and, after that, a still longer wait for a boat to take him to Manhattan.

It was a little after half-past twelve when he reached the office in John Street.

He found it locked, and he went downstairs to the street again.

A little way up the street he noticed a light in a store window and several policemen gathered about the door.

It was this store, occupied by the metallurgist, which had been robbed that evening, and, when Harry reached it, he was not long in learning the story of the robbery, its discovery by the old detective, and his mysterious disappearance.

A search had been made in all directions by the police.

One man had been sent up to the Quaker's residence, only to find that he had not gone there.

Old Broadbrim had disappeared mysteriously and completely. Harry was left utterly alone and single-handed in the midst of the biggest and most puzzling piece of detective work he had ever been engaged on.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOUSE TALKS IN HIS SLEEP.

Harry's first impulse on hearing that Old Broadbrim was not to be found anywhere, was to ask the chief of the New York detective bureau to help him out on the Concord Bank robbery case.

He was as much puzzled as the police were by the mysterious disappearance of the old detective, and his heart sank when he heard the captain of the Old Slip police station, who had been summoned to the scene of the robbery, offer it as his opinion that the Quaker had been done away with.

Harry said nothing as the policemen talked and fussed around the scene of the robbery.

He knew that the Concord Bank case had been turned over to Broadbrim himself, and that the old detective would never think of calling in the city police to help him.

Harry finally determined to go on for a day, at least, without saying anything to anybody.

Broadbrim might turn up himself by that time, he thought.

The boy felt that it would be a great feather in his cap if he could bring the case to a successful conclusion single-handed.

He was greatly worried, of course, over the disappearance of his chief, but he saw that the police were doing everything in their power to find him, and he left that matter to their hands entirely.

He finally went off to his room and got a good night's sleep.

Worried as he was, and excited by the events of the day, he was so tired that he fell sound asleep the moment that his head hit the pillow.

After breakfast the next morning he went straight back to Long Island City and visited the stable where he had obtained a position as a stable boy the night before.

When he saw Madden this morning, however, he did not represent himself as a boy who was looking for work, but told the horse trainer who he really was.

He said that he was working on a detective case as the assistant of Old Broadbrim, but he did not mention the fact that Old Broadbrim was not to be found anywhere.

When Madden heard that the boy he had been ordering about the day before was the assistant of the Quaker detective his manner underwent a change.

"I thought you were a pretty slick proposition the minute I saw you on the back of that horse yesterday," he said. "I can tell you I would have treated you different if I had known who you were. Come into my private office and have a drink and a cigar. I'll tell you all I can that you want to know. I'm always ready to help a man like Old Broadbrim to the best of my ability."

Harry accepted the invitation to go into Madden's private office, but he declined the drink and the cigar.

He soon discovered that Madden knew very little more about Shouse than he did himself.

"The fellow came here in a peculiar way about two weeks ago," he said. "Some time ago he met the boss down South and sold him a Kentucky thoroughbred horse. That's the very horse you were riding on yesterday. We found that it wasn't much good for racing purposes, because we couldn't get a jockey that could ride him. I could manage him, myself, but I'm a little too big a man to ride in a race."

"Then about three weeks ago Shouse showed up here with a letter from the boss, asking me to give him some odd job about the stable where he could be taking care of the horses. I thought it kind of funny that a man like Shouse, who appeared to be a gentleman, should want a job of that kind, but as he had a letter from the boss I gave it to him."

"Didn't he give any reason for wanting a position of that kind?"

"I asked him why he didn't want a better job than that, but he didn't give me any very good reason. He said his health was bad, and that he wanted to get a job where he would be in the open air a good deal."

"He said that the doctor had prescribed plenty of hard, outdoor work for him, and that as he knew all about horses and liked to take care of them, he couldn't think of anything better than a job in a stable. Then, besides that, he said he wanted to see if the horse that he had sold us was all right. He said that it used to be a sort of a pet in his family before they got short of money, and that his sister used to ride it."

"Did he know your employer well?"

"No. He was only an acquaintance. The boss just gave him the letter to me the same as he would to any chance acquaintance. The only dealings he ever had with us was when he sold us the horse."

Young Broadbrim had heard about all he wanted to know from Madden.

He arose to his feet.

"Much obliged for your information," he said; "I must be going now."

"Can't you sit a while and tell me something about the case you are on?" said Madden.

Harry evidently wanted to have a long talk with Young Broadbrim, but Harry did not want anything of the kind.

"All I can tell you," he said, "is that Shouse has been using your employer as a sort of a convenience in a scheme to rob a bank."

"Sit down and tell me about it."

"Good-by, Mr. Madden."

Before Madden knew it, Young Broadbrim had gone.

When he arrived at the house where he left Shouse he found that worthy all dressed and sitting in the room in which he had been caged in great impatience.

Harry opened the door very cautiously, but Shouse still wore one of the handcuffs by which Harry had fastened him to the bed in which he slept.

Harry had brought a package of sandwiches with him, and Shouse devoured them with a hearty appetite, washing them down with draughts of water which Young Broadbrim brought him from the well in the rear of the house.

After he had finished this meal Harry sat down in a chair opposite to him and looked at him.

The boy was really at a loss what to do next.

The natural course to pursue would be to lock his prisoner up in a police station, but he could not do this without making some definite charge against him, and as yet he had no absolute proof that Shouse had been implicated in any robbery whatsoever.

He knew from his experience with the Southerner that it would be useless to attempt to make him disclose the whereabouts of his partners in the bank robbery, and he was trying to think up some plan by which he could use Shouse as a bait to catch the others.

He determined to have a little talk with Shouse in the hope that he might make some slip that might be of help to him.

"Did you sleep well last night?" he asked, in as

polite a tone as though the bank robber and himself had been the best of friends.

Shouse seemed somewhat surprised at this inquiry, but he was glad enough to talk to any one after having been left alone for so long.

"I slept well enough," he said. "I'm not a very good sleeper generally, and I must have talked in my sleep last night, for, when I woke up this morning, I was calling out to somebody to set me loose. A fellow can't sleep very comfortably with one of his hands in a handcuff and strapped to the head of the bed."

"I'm going to keep you here all day to-day," said Young Broadbrim.

The boy had apparently paid not the slightest attention to his prisoner's remark that he sometimes talked in his sleep.

In reality this remark set him thinking as hard as he had ever thought in his life, but he did not want Shouse to know that he was interested in the fact at all.

Shouse talked in his sleep.

If he did not speak of the robbery in the daytime, when he had full control of himself, he might speak of it when he was asleep and did not know what he was saying.

This was the idea that Harry had now conceived.

He determined to do his best to make Shouse disclose something as to the whereabouts of the stolen money and of the other burglars when he was asleep, and to do that he intended to make the Southerner sleep in the same room for another night.

This time Young Broadbrim would listen carefully through the night, and, if Shouse let fall the slightest syllable in regard to the whereabouts of the stolen money, he would seize upon it as a clew.

This was the plan Harry formed in the space of a very few seconds, and when he announced to Shouse that he intended to keep him there for another night, he had already determined how he was going to carry the plan into effect.

For several hours that morning Harry sat talking to Shouse.

They talked on all sorts of subjects, but Young Broadbrim frequently referred to the subject of the robbery in order to keep it uppermost in the mind of his prisoner.

Shouse was too clever to be led into giving away any information in regard to the robbery, but he

plainly showed that he was somewhat anxious about his present position.

He told Harry that he had never before engaged in any criminal work, and that he himself had no hand in the actual looting of the bank.

He said that those who had robbed the bank were not ordinary criminals, and that this was the first robbery they had ever committed.

A little before noon, Harry rebound his prisoner and went off to the nearest store, where he could purchase food for lunch and supper.

He bought several bottles of beer, as well as the food, for he calculated that the beverage might help Shouse to get to sleep early that night.

When he returned, he and his prisoner had lunch together.

They had grown to be quite good friends by this time, and they made a pretty good meal.

Shouse was evidently very curious to know why Harry was keeping him in the house instead of locking him up in a police station, but, in spite of all his questioning, he could get no satisfactory answers from the young detective.

He also tried to pump some information out of Harry in regard to the movements of Old Broadbrim.

Harry allowed him to think that the Quaker himself had gone on the track of the girl cracksman, leaving him to take care of Shouse.

The afternoon and evening passed in much the same way as the morning had passed.

Needless to say, it was a very tedious wait for Young Broadbrim, who was eager for the moment when his prisoner would be sound asleep.

After supper Harry produced the beer.

Shouse showed by his actions that he was glad to get it.

He drank two bottles of it, and would have drunk more had Harry allowed him to.

Harry thought that if he drank too much of the beer his sleep would be so sound that he would not talk at all during the night.

It was after ten o'clock before Shouse began to show any signs of drowsiness.

Then he began to nod in his chair, yawn and stretch himself.

"You can go to bed now if you want to," said Harry.

"I'm tired as a dog," said Shouse. "I guess that beer made me a little sleepy."

Harry smiled. That was just what he intended that the beer should do.

He unlocked one side of his prisoner's handcuffs.

Shouse threw off his shoes and kicked them under the bed. Then he took off his coat and waistcoat and laid aside his collar and tie.

"I'm ready for bed now," he said. "I suppose I'll have to be strapped up by the wrist all night again."

He threw himself on the bed, and Young Broadbrim made fast one side of the handcuffs to the bedstead.

Then he blew out the candle and withdrew.

He closed the door after him with a bang. A few minutes later he pushed the door softly open again and crawled slowly into the room in the darkness.

Young Broadbrim had begun his all-night watch by the bedside of his prisoner.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT SHOUSE SAID IN HIS SLEEP.

It was pitchy dark in the room.

There was only one small window in it, and, beside that, it was a dark, cloudy night with no moon.

Shouse stirred uneasily in his bed as Harry took up his position on the floor beside him.

He was not quite asleep yet, and he had heard a slight noise.

He peered drowsily out into the darkness for several moments.

Then his eyelids drooped again, and he rolled over on his back.

His breathing became more regular, and ten minutes later he was sound asleep.

Young Broadbrim maintained his position by the bedstead with the patience of an Indian.

When he was sure that Shouse was as sound asleep as he could be, he arose from the floor and took a seat in a chair which he had left at the side of the bed.

The only sound he could hear was the measured breathing of the sleeping man and the hum of insects outside the open window.

Presently a screech owl called out in a patch of woods situated some little distance back of the house.

The sound was a weird, uncanny one. For an instant, before he comprehended what it was, Harry felt startled.

Shouse, in spite of the fact that he was sound asleep, was a little disturbed by it.

He moved uneasily and began to mutter something.

Harry leaned forward eagerly, straining his ears to catch every word.

The sleeper was speaking so indistinctly, however, that it was impossible to catch anything intelligible from what he was saying.

Presently he stopped muttering and lay still again.

Harry sat back in his chair, prepared for another long wait.

An hour passed by—two hours. Still Shouse did not stir or speak.

Harry was beginning to feel drowsy himself, and he could do to keep his eyes open.

His head began to nod in spite of his efforts to prevent it from dropping forward.

It was very hard for him to keep awake.

Especially so, as he did not dare to move around much for fear of arousing the sleeper he was watching.

He had been worked pretty hard for the past two days, and, in spite of his grit and courage, he was only a boy, and far more likely to give way to slumber than his chief, the tough old Quaker.

Harry's head dropped forward on his chest. Then he turned a little to one side, and his eyes blinked and gradually closed altogether.

Young Broadbrim was asleep at the very moment when he should have been wide awake; for Shouse was stirring uneasily on the bed and muttering something over and over again in a low voice.

The strange, muffled tones sounded weirdly in the dark room, and Shouse flung himself about the bed as though he were awake.

He did not arouse Harry, however, for the boy, lulled out as he was, slept pretty soundly.

Then Shouse began to talk more distinctly and in louder tones.

Some echo of his voice must have penetrated into the sleeping brain of the young detective, for he began to dream.

This dream of Young Broadbrim's was a most peculiar one.

It seemed to the sleeping boy that he was talking to Old Broadbrim over the telephone, and that the Quaker was telling him to meet him in New York, where he would put him on the trail of the mysterious girl cracksman.

Harry had been thinking so much for the past few days of this strange young woman that it was natural enough, in a way, that he should dream about her.

Old Broadbrim's voice seemed to have a peculiar sound as it came through the receiver of the telephone.

It did not sound at all as the voice of the Quaker usually sounded.

It was not so deep and resonant, and Harry in his dream put this down to the fact that his chief was talking to him through a telephone.

The voice had something familiar about it.

It seemed to Harry that it was a voice he had heard somewhere, but he could not think whose voice it was like.

The words came very clear and distinct to him in his dream:

"Rosa is staying at the Murray Hill Hotel. I will meet her there."

In his dream Harry did not think it at all strange that Old Broadbrim should call the girl cracksman so familiarly by her first name.

Neither did he think it strange that the words that came through the telephone should be repeated over and over again.

"She is at the Murray Hill Hotel."

Suddenly the screech owl in the faraway woods uttered its ghostly cry.

Harry started and sat up with his eyes open.

So strong had been the impression made by his dream that he did not realize at first where he was.

The words he had heard in his sleep still sounded in his ears.

In a second he was wide awake, but the voice he had heard in his sleep was still sounding in his ears.

Over and over again it repeated the words:

"She is at the Murray Hill Hotel."

At first Harry did not realize where the sound came from.

Then he remembered what he had been doing when he fell asleep at his post, and knew that the words he had heard, in spite of his sleep, were coming from the lips of Shouse, who tossed about on the bed.

Evidently the slumbers of the bank robber were not very peaceful ones, but Young Broadbrim did not pay any attention to that fact.

All he thought of were the words that Shouse was still muttering:

"She is at the Murray Hill Hotel."

Harry was all attention; anxious to catch anything further that the sleep talker might utter.

His prisoner, however, became silent again without

saying anything more than the one sentence that Harry had caught.

He straightened out on the bed and stopped moving about.

Then his breathing, which had been troubled while he was tossing about, became easy and natural.

Whatever bad dream it was that had been troubling the sleeper, it had passed away, and his sleep was again quiet and undisturbed.

Harry waited for a few moments more, but it was evident that the prisoner was not going to say anything.

Then the boy arose softly and slipped out of the room.

The one sentence that he heard had given him sufficient for a clew.

"She is at the Murray Hill Hotel."

Who could "she" be but the girl cracksman he was so anxious to find, and what better clew could he have as to her whereabouts?

When he reached the dining-room on the ground floor of the house he struck a match, drew out the Waterbury watch he carried, and looked at it.

It was still a few minutes before midnight.

The boy had thought that it was much later. The sleep that he had taken had lasted only a few minutes.

As is often the case with one who has taken a short nap, when he was anxious to keep awake, it had seemed to Young Broadbrim that he had slept for hours.

It did not take him long to make up his mind as to what he was to do next.

He decided to go to the Murray Hill Hotel at once.

He could reach there, if he made good connections, at a little after one o'clock.

He was anxious to get after the girl cracksman without the loss of any more time.

He had little doubt that Shouse had meant her when he talked in his sleep, and it seemed likely that he was only repeating some directions as to where he was to meet her.

He did not know how long the girl would stay at the hotel, and he had no intention of letting her get away from there if he could help it.

One o'clock is generally considered a rather late hour to call upon a young lady, but Young Broadbrim's call was to be one of no ordinary nature.

After a careful look around to see that his prisoner

was properly secured, the boy put on his hat, buttoned up his coat, and, with a rapidly-beating heart, started for the Murray Hill Hotel.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT HAD BECOME OF OLD BROADBRIM?

As has been seen, Old Broadbrim soon recovered consciousness when he was whirled off in the cab up Nassau Street in company with the girl cracksman and her male companion.

He found that, besides the girl and the man driving, there was another man in the cab.

This third party was a sandy-haired, middle-aged, man, who had evidently taken no active part in the recent safe-cracking expedition.

The man who had captured Old Broadbrim was driving the cab uptown. The other man had evidently not left it at all during the robbery, for he was seated in the cab when the old Quaker was lifted into it.

He was a very quiet man, apparently, for he said not a word as the girl cracksman gave him an account of the capture of Old Broadbrim in the John Street store which she had been robbing.

"Who do you think he is?" he finally asked.

"Look for yourself, Uncle Durbin," answered the girl. "I think I know who he is. I know he's a detective, or police officer of some kind, and I captured him thinking that he was a man that we wanted especially to get out of the way."

Old Broadbrim closed his eyes while Durbin bent closely over him and looked at him.

He drew back with an exclamation of surprise.

"It's Old Broadbrim," he cried; "you've got the very man we fear most. Rosa, you are a bright girl, and one with a great deal of nerve to act so promptly."

Broadbrim understood pretty well just what had happened to him.

He had gone into the store before the bank robbers had time to escape from it.

They had concealed themselves at the back while the policeman was there, but when he went away they had sprung upon him and overpowered him.

It is true that fortune had favored them in their bold attempt, but, nevertheless, the detective felt pretty badly about having been taken a prisoner so easily.

He determined, however, to make the best of his present position, and to pretend that he was still un-

conscious from the effects of the blow he had received, in order to throw them off their guard.

As a matter of fact, he had received a bruise on the head that would have put many a man in a hospital, and what with the effects of it, and of the gag in his mouth, which was anything but comfortable, he was glad enough to sit back with his eyes closed and listen to what was being said.

"What shall we do with him now that we have got him?" asked Rosa.

Her voice was low and sweet, and there was nothing about her that would have indicated that she belonged to the criminal classes.

Her companion remained silent for a few moments.

"Put him into the house on Twenty-seventh Street," he said, finally.

"We can lock him up there gagged and bound, and he won't be discovered until we have left the country."

"But the poor man will starve to death. I couldn't bear to think of that."

"We need not concern ourselves about him."

"I don't like to hear you talk that way, uncle. It's too cruel altogether for me."

"It's the only course we have open to us. He is a man who will land us all in jail if we set him free. It's either our going to jail or his getting left in the Twenty-seventh Street house."

"We must fix it so that he won't starve to death, then. Fix it so that he can get out after we have started for Europe."

Durbin returned no answer to this. He evidently had his own intentions in regard to Old Broadbrim, and did not think it wise to discuss the matter with the girl.

"What has become of Shouse?" he asked. "He ought to have been over here by this time."

"He may be waiting for us at the Murray Hill now."

"We'll have to get rid of Broadbrim first. We can't take him up to the hotel. We'll have to smuggle him into the Twenty-seventh Street house."

"Then we'll put the cab back at the livery stable, and I'll take the car up to the Murray Hill Hotel and bring Shouse back with me."

It was the girl who spoke this time, and, a moment later, the man threw open the window of the cab and spoke to the third member of the trio of robbers, who was driving the cab.

He evidently directed him as to where he was to

drive, for the vehicle set off at a quicker pace than ever.

About ten minutes later it came to a standstill before an old-fashioned, brownstone house on East Twenty-seventh Street.

The man who had been driving the cab leaped to the ground and threw open the door.

"The coast is clear," he said; "get him up into the house, quick, before any one shows up on the street."

Broadbrim was grasped in two pairs of strong arms and hurried up the tall, brownstone stoop.

The girl unlocked the door, and the two men flung their burden into the hallway as though the old detective had been a sack of potatoes. *HA-PA!*

They entered after him.

Then the girl ran inside and slammed the door after her.

The whole thing had been done so quickly that, if there had been any one passing on the deserted street at that time, he would have scarcely been able to comprehend what was going forward.

The cab had been left standing on the street, but the man which had driven it before soon went out to it, accompanied by the girl, leaving Old Broadbrim alone in the house with the man who answered to the name of Durbin.

This man dragged the old Quaker into the back parlor and lit a gas-jet there.

Old Broadbrim opened his eyes.

He knew that he could not keep up the bluff of unconsciousness much longer, and he wanted to take a look about him and see what kind of a place it was he had been landed in.

He was in a large apartment, well furnished, with rather old-fashioned looking furniture.

He was lying bound on the carpet, with a wooden gag in his mouth, and Durbin was seated in an easy-chair looking at him with a cruel smile.

Old Broadbrim took a good look at him, and saw a good deal in his face that he did not like.

He was a rather fine-looking man, but there was a squareness about his jaw and a compression about his thin lips that indicated to the detective that he was a man who would stop at absolutely nothing to gain his ends.

He saw Old Broadbrim's stern, gray eyes fixed upon him, and he appeared to get a little nervous under their gaze.

He did not speak to the detective, but left the room a few moments later.

Broadbrim tugged at his bonds to try and force them loose in some way, but he had been tied well and securely.

He heard the ring of a telephone bell in the room which Durbin had entered.

Then he heard Durbin speaking over the telephone to some one who had called him up at the other end of the wire.

"He's not there yet?" he said. "Well the only thing to do is to wait there for him. As soon as Shouse arrives come around here for me; I'll take care of the detective in the meantime."

Broadbrim made a guess that the party at the other end of the wire was the girl who had gone to the Murray Hill Hotel.

Of course he did not know who Shouse was, but he concluded that he was another of the party of bank robbers into whose hands he had fallen.

Durbin had scarcely concluded his conversation over the telephone when the front door was opened and the man who had driven the cab entered.

Broadbrim got a good look at his face for the first time.

He was dark in complexion, well built, and a little above the medium height.

His hands looked strong and capable like those of a good mechanic, and the detective knew at a glance that he was the man who must have done the actual safe cracking in the robberies.

The man made Broadbrim all the more certain in this opinion by taking a jimmy and several other burglar tools from his clothes and laying them aside.

"Well, Graves," said Durbin, "did you get rid of the cab?"

Graves sat down in the easiest chair in the room, lit a cigarette, and answered in the affirmative.

"We sail on Tuesday morning," he said. "It's funny that Shouse has not shown up before this time."

"We have another day yet. Rosa is over at the hotel to meet him there."

"What are you going to do with this fellow?"

Graves pointed with the tip of his cigarette to the bound form of Old Broadbrim.

Durbin did not answer for a moment, but both men looked at each other as though they were afraid to say what they were thinking.

Old Broadbrim watched their faces intently,

Finally Durbin broke the silence.

"We have to consult our own safety, and you know what the safest thing would be."

"You mean to——" Graves did not complete his sentence.

"Exactly. This man is the only one that has got on our track. If he is out of the way we are absolutely safe. If he is not we are sure of jail sooner or later."

Graves shuddered and let his cigarette fall from his hand.

"Good Heaven," he said, "when I went i— thing I never thought that it would have come to this."

"We might as well finish up everything."

Graves said nothing.

"We can do it quietly."

"How?"

"Turn on the gas and leave him here, bound as he is."

"But Rosa. She would never consent to it."

"She need never know anything about it."

"How long would it take?"

"About three or four hours, I should judge. All we have to do is to caulk up the seams of the door and windows. We can stay in one of the rooms downstairs until the whole thing is finished, then we can get the remains out of the way."

"How?"

"Bury them in the backyard."

Graves started to his feet and began to pace the floor.

"The very idea of it is horrible," he said. "But there seems to be no other way out of it."

Needless to say, Old Broadbrim hung up every word of this conversation with breathless interest.

Presently the two men left the room.

Old Broadbrim strained and tugged at his bonds until the perspiration poured down his face.

But all to no avail, for the ropes that bound him were new and well tied.

He finally saw the futility of this effort, and determined to lie still and wait for an opportunity to make a bold fight for his life.

There was apparently little hope for him.

He was gagged so that he could make no outcry and it looked as if Durbin were going to have his way about the matter of his disposal.

For all that, the brave-hearted old Quaker never lost his courage.

He had been in many a tight box before, and he knew that the only thing that could help him out was the thing that had saved him many a time before—his own nerve and cunning.

After an absence of perhaps half an hour, Durbin and Graves returned.

He could see from the expression of their faces that Graves had consented to his death, but he learned, to his relief, that it was not to take place for some hours yet.

"I'll get all the bonds and money aboard the ship to-morrow, or rather to-day. Then in the evening, if the case has not turned up, we'll do this job and leave without him."

"All right," said Durbin. "We might as well get a little sleep now."

The two men left the room, and Old Broadbrim was left alone in the dark, Durbin having turned out the gas as he went out.

That was the longest night and day that Old Broadbrim ever passed in his life, for he did not see the pair, who had determined upon his death, until the following evening.

He heard them going about the house, packing up trunks with various articles, and making other preparations for departure, but not once did either of them set foot in the room in which he was confined.

Perhaps it was only natural.

Perhaps they had a sort of fear of looking at the man they intended to murder that night.

In spite of the horror of his position Broadbrim fell asleep through sheer weariness late in the afternoon.

His limbs were numb from their long confinement.

The gag had cut into the edges of his mouth, and he was wild with thirst.

The sleep that came upon him was a happy release from his pain.

When he woke up it was late in the evening.

The gas was lit, and Broadbrim could see by the clock on the mantelpiece that it lacked but a few moments of midnight.

Durbin and Graves were in the room, and were busied stuffing bits of cotton waste into the crevices of the doors and windows.

Old Broadbrim was half dead already from the length of time he had spent tied up as he was.

He realized, however, what these preparations meant, and made a last vain effort to free himself.

His strength had failed greatly, owing to lack of

circulation caused by the tightness of his bonds, and he was scarcely able to stir.

The two bank robbers had soon completed their terrible work.

Neither of them spoke, nor did either of them so much as cast a glance at the form of the old detective.

When they had completed their work Graves hurried out.

Then Durbin blew out the gas.

A moment later Broadbrim heard him locking the door on the outside.

Then he was left alone.

At first he could scarcely distinguish the fumes of the illuminating gas.

Then the smell grew suddenly stronger.

Old Broadbrim felt a strange buzzing sensation in his head.

He began to breathe with an uncanny depth and irregularity.

Then something seemed to come over him that numbed his brain and prevented him from thinking or knowing where he was.

The rest was silence and darkness.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

Young Broadbrim reached the Murray Hill Hotel at a few minutes before one o'clock.

He had made record time from Long Island City, making good connections and getting on a train that was making up for lost time.

When he reached the hotel he inquired for Miss Rosalinda Lee, and was told by the man at the desk that she was not in.

"If she was in," he said, "I wouldn't let you see her at this time of night."

Harry saw that there was little use discussing matters with a man of this type.

He stepped away from the desk, and, so far as the clerk could see, left the hotel immediately.

This was just what he did not do.

He turned back as soon as he got out of range of the clerk and spoke to one of the negro bell-boys, who was seated on a bench nearby.

"Take this," he said, extending his hand to the bell-boy.

The bell-boy reached out, and to his surprise found a silver dollar resting in the palm of his hand.

"I want to see Miss Lee," said Harry; "she's in, isn't she?"

"Yas, she's in."

The bell-boy wore a smile that extended all the way across his face.

"Take me up to see her."

The bell-boy didn't say a word.

He gave one fond glance at the silver dollar, and then slipped it quietly into his pocket and led the way to the elevator.

Young Broadbrim followed him, and a moment later was standing in front of a door on one of the upper floors of the hotel.

"Dat's her door," said the bell-boy; "she's been stoppin' here all day for a gemman she expects to call on her."

The bell-boy smiled and disappeared down the corridor.

Young Broadbrim knocked at the door.

"Who is it?"

The inquiry came in a soft feminine voice from the other side of the door.

"Shouse."

Harry disguised his voice as well as he could, and he evidently did pretty well.

The door swung softly open.

The boy leaped inside, closed it behind him, and before the frightened girl, who had admitted him, knew what had happened, she wore a pair of handcuffs on her wrists and was seated in a chair, with Young Broadbrim standing over her, looking curiously into her face.

At last he had come face to face with the girl cracksman.

She was so startled that she could say nothing, but she was a decidedly pretty girl, and evidently one with a good deal of intelligence under ordinary circumstances.

Harry noted all this at a glance, but he had no time to lose if he wanted to take advantage of her confusion and question her before she had time to recover her self-control.

"Where's Old Broadbrim?" he hissed.

The girl gave him the address of a house on Twenty-seventh Street.

"Where are the rest of the gang?"

"They are there, too."

Harry had learned all he wanted to know.

He pulled out a big bandanna handkerchief from his pocket.

"I dislike to take this liberty, but I'm in an awful hurry," he said.

He brandished the handkerchief about near her face, and the girl opened her mouth in astonishment.

Before she could cry out the bandanna was forced into her mouth, and she was gagged.

Harry fastened the handkerchief at the back of her neck and then tied it tightly to the chair she was sitting on.

Then he drew a slender cord from his pocket and ran it through the handcuffs she wore, and tied it to the arms of the chair.

He cut off another length of the cord with his pocket knife.

"It seems asking a great deal on such a short acquaintance," he said, "but I'm afraid that you'll have to allow me to tie your ankles to the chair also."

The girl could not say anything, but if a look could have killed Young Broadbrim, he would have dropped dead at that moment.

He left the girl cracksman, hurried from the hotel, and was whirled around to the house on Twenty-seventh Street in a cab.

The house was in darkness upstairs, but there was light in a window in the basement.

"I guess they are sitting in there having a talk," said Young Broadbrim. "I don't think I'll walk right in among them yet."

He ran up the brownstone stoop, pried open the catch of one of the parlor windows with his pocket knife, and slipped into the front parlor.

It was in darkness, and there was a strong smell of gas in the room.

"Whew," said Harry, "they've got leaky gas fixtures here, if they have them anywhere."

He made his way across the parlor until he reached the door that opened into the room generally known in New York houses as the back parlor or library.

This door was closed and locked, and the key was in the door.

Harry unlocked it.

When the door swung open the smell of gas was so overpowering that Harry staggered back.

Then he stepped into the room, walked a few paces across it, and stumbled across something that was lying on the floor.

He stooped down to see what it was.

He was sick already from the effects of the gas in the room. It was the body of a man, bound and gagged, and apparently unconscious.

Harry was hardly able to stand up in the tainted atmosphere, but he dragged the bound body out of the room and deposited it near the open window in the basement.

The flow of fresh air there, and the light from the window made it easy for Harry to see who had been gagged out of the gas-tainted room. Broadbrim.

Harry maintained that he was still alive, and he broke his bonds in a twinkling. He had made had aroused the two men in the basement.

Broadbrim was still unconscious, and Harry heard them stumbling up the stairs.

He knew that they must be the men who had attempted to murder Old Broadbrim, and the boy's temper was up in earnest now.

There was a firm, set expression about his square jaw as he drew a long Colt's revolver from his hip pocket.

A moment later the door from the hallway was open.

The gas in the hallway was lit, and the figures of Graves and Durbin were distinctly visible in the doorway.

Crack!

There were two bright flashes from the dark corner of the room where Harry crouched beside the form of the chief.

Graves fell to the floor with a groan, and Durbin sank to his knees.

Both had bullets in their legs.

Harry had done what he had planned to do.

He had wounded both of them, but had seriously injured neither.

He ran forward, drew another slip of cord from his pocket, and soon had the two men as tightly bound as their girl partner in the Murray Hill Hotel.

Then he returned to Old Broadbrim.

The magnificent constitution of the old detective was beginning to show itself, for Harry saw at a glance that he was coming to.

In half an hour the Quaker had entirely recovered himself, and an hour later Durbin and Graves, together with the girl cracksman, were safely locked up in the Tenderloin police station.

It did not take Old and Young Broadbrim long to clear up the rest of the mystery.

The money that had been stolen from the Concord National Bank and from the John Street store was found in a stateroom aboard the *Campania*, on which Shouse and the other three had engaged passage for Europe.

Shouse was brought back by the police from his solitary confinement on Long Island.

He was very hungry when they went for him, and was willing to make a clean breast of the whole matter.

He said that Miss Lee was his half-sister, and that Durbin was an uncle who acted as her guardian.

Graves, the other member of the band, was her cousin.

They all came of a well-known and once wealthy Kentucky family, but had lost all their fortunes by unfortunate racing ventures.

The horse that Shouse had sold, and which was kept at Madden's stable, was the last valuable possession left to the family.

Ralph Graves, the young man who had done most of the actual work of safe cracking, was the one who had started the whole four on their career of crime.

He was somewhat of a mechanic, and had worked for over a year in the establishment of a large safe builder.

Consequently he knew more about the work of breaking the safes open than most burglars.

With poverty staring him in the face, he determined to rob the richest banks in New York, in order to recover the lost fortunes of the family.

The two houses, the one on Twenty-seventh Street and the other in Long Island City, had been hired by their party to use as headquarters, and the old negro servant had been brought North to act as a cook.

Shouse had secured a job in Madden's stable in order to give him a chance to get near the horse which had been formerly the property of his half-sister, and which she had used in getting away with the proceeds of the Concord Bank robbery.

All this was brought out at the trial of the four bank robbers, after which they were sentenced to terms of various lengths in State's prison.

Their plan of robbery had been well laid, and would surely have been successful had it not been for the nerve and wit of Young Broadbrim, the boy detective.

THE END.

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